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Fish of All Kinds
in their season

We are the only, only. Do not be deceived by these so-called alluring advertisements calculating to give wrong impressions. Please bear in mind that our facilities for catering to the public of Arlington and vicinity are of the best, and no one has any better. Of what interest is it to the customer whether the goods are delivered from chopped ice, fish cart or automobile. Our only aim is to serve the public with nothing but the best of all kinds of fish in their season.

W. H. Webber & Son.
Telephone 48-3. Ring us up!

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Arlington Wood Working Co.,
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Window Seats

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MAKING.**

Stair Work.
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**25 Second-hand Bicycles in
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MOSELEY'S CYCLE AGENCY,

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AND FUNERAL DESIGNS**

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W. W. Rawson's,

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mar 17

For a good suit of clothes and a
guaranteed fit, go to

J. J. LOFTUS,
the leading tailor

Spring & Summer Goods Now In.
Repairing Neatly Done.

Ladies' tailoring.

Sherburne Building, Arlington



ARLINGTON TRADERS' PICNIC.

A Large and Enthusiastic Crowd leave for "Camp
Arlington" for a Day's Outing.

For one year at least the traders of this town awoke to find the outlook for their holiday a pleasant one, the sun shining brightly and the weather all that could be desired for an ideal picnic outing, and when the time for starting came a large and enthusiastic company of the traders, wives and families, clerks and many of the citizens had assembled at the station to take the train for Bedford. It was a jolly, good-natured gathering, and all knew a royal good time was in store for them, not only in the good dinner which awaited them, but in the abundant amount of fun the various sports would bring forth.

The picnic was held at the camp of Mr. Warren A. Peirce, designated "Camp Arlington." The entire day was one of pleasure. The party numbered 75.

The first game of ball came off in the morning, soon after nine o'clock. These nines were captained by two of our dentists, Dr. Yale and Dr. Cobb, but it fell to the lot of Dr. Yale's nine to carry off the honors, another score for our most popular dentist, who has won for himself a most lucrative practice by his genial and good-natured business methods, and also the expertness of his profession in which he stands at the head. We will not attempt to count the errors. This would baffle an expert score taker. Suffice it to say that it was a desire to run the bases as much as possible and "get there" according to "Arlington league rules." The nines were made up as follows:

Dr. Yale. J. Law p, Barrett c, H. Durgin 1 b, G. Winn 2b, F. Russell ss, W. Greenleaf 3 b, I. Wetherbee rf, W. McNeil lf, Dr. Yale and Walter Hoyt cf.

Dr. Cobb. Wilber p, cf, A. Freeman c, George Peirce 1 b, Charles Hartwell 2 b, Dr. Cobb ss, E. Sawyer 3b, Woodford Bird rf, Charles Stevens lf, Fred Cook c, pf. Holt retired and Bird took his place.

The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dr. Yale.	0	1	4	0	1	2	0	6	—14
Dr. Cobb.	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	2	—8

DAMON WINS CUP.

The much-talked-of shell-race for the Carter cup between Messrs. F. W. Damon and W. F. Homer on Spy pond on Thursday evening was rowed as scheduled. A large and enthusiastic number of the Boat club and their lady friends assembled at the house before seven o'clock, and by the time the race was to start a considerable crowd had gathered on the shore.

The course, as staked out, was a trifle short of a mile, the starting flags being near the Hsley ice houses and across to the island.

Mr. Walter Stimpson acted as referee and starter. At the word "go" Damon was first to take water, and from that time on gradually gained on Homer. The race was to be twice across. At the first turn Damon led by 5 boat lengths, and at the finish he was 15 lengths in the lead. The rowing of Damon was perfect and very fast, the time being 5m. 30s, the fastest time yet made on this course.

The winner will probably be challenged by Homer for another race.

JOHN J. LEARY,

Rubber-tired
Hacks for all
Occasions

I have a First-class Hack,
Livery and Boarding
Stable.

Stable, 428 High Street, West Medford.
Residence, 117 Medford St., Arlington.
Telephone, 37-2 Arlington.

**ALEXANDER BEATON,
Contractor**

and

Builder,

79 Hibbert street,
Arlington Heights.

The Bendix

School of Music.

Piano, Violin

Guitar, Clarinet,

Personal instruction by William Bendix The Bendix Orchestra Music furnished for dances, etc.

Studio, 2 Park terrace, Arlington

It is evident the latter nine thought it wise to change their positions often, judging from the make up of the team. "Kicking on both sides" made the game more interesting, but the umpires, J. Langen and E. Chapman, decisions had to stand, although they say "Jud" "roasted." The principal features were the pitching of Law and Sawyer at third base.

The three-legged race brought forth no end of merriment. The fat and the lean traders together made a tussle to win out, but 250 pounds has a poor show against 160 or 180. In the first heat George Peirce and Elbridge Sawyer won over Everett Chapman and Joseph Law. In the second heat Dr. Yale and Ivers Wetherbee won over Dr. Clock and Russell. In the finals, between E. Sawyer and George Peirce, Dr. Yale and Ivers Wetherbee, the race was won by the two latter.

Second on the program came the potato race. W. Bird won out with G. Peirce, Dr. Clock won out with J. Langen (Jud is a little stiff just yet with rheumatism), Hermon Clock won out with R. Hoitt, and Russell over Chapman.

By dinner time every one was hungry, and this was proved by the way the chowder, ice cream and coffee disappeared. The chowder, etc., was declared A 1, and Mr. N. J. Hardy, our popular caterer, who furnished the same, was heartily praised.

The second game of ball was played in the afternoon, and the score was closer, it being 13 to 11. The teams were made up as follows:

McNeil. Taft pss, Barrett c, I. Wetherbee 1 b, Hartwell 2 b, McNeil ss, Hendricks 3 b, Payne lf, Peabody cf, White rf, McNeil ss, p.

Bird. Greenleaf p, Hoyt c, Stevens 1 b, Peirce 2 b, Winn ss, Sawyer 3 b, Bacon cf, Bird rf, Kid lf.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bird.	1	0	0	1	5	5	—13		
McNeil.	0	1	3	0	2	0	5	—11	

The features of this game were the

(Continued on page 3.)

PRIVATE HOSPITAL.

Ever since Dr. Roy D. Young entered the field of medicine and surgery his one aim has been to open and maintain a private hospital. That he has at last obtained the desire of ambition speaks more eloquently than words of his popularity and success as a physician and surgeon. On Thursday we were invited to inspect the new quarters which have been laid out and furnished with the utmost care, both as to sanitary, airy and comfortable accommodations for patients. The doctor first ushered us into his office and study. At a moments notice this can be converted into an operating room, with all the latest surgical instruments known to science. The doctor has just added a new electrical device with some 75 different kinds of instruments. This electrical device does away with a large amount of unnecessary cutting and acts as an Ex-Ray in locating particles of steel, glass, etc., in the flesh. The light though small is very penetrating and in his exhibition of it to us proved that wonders can be accomplished with one half less cutting than formerly. After going through this interesting part of the program to us, the doctor all the while explaining in his pleasant, instructive and interesting way the various details, we were shown the private hospital above. The rooms are cheery and pleasant to a marked degree. The nurses room is easy of access and in connection she will have her own private kitchen, ice chest, jelly closet, etc., where everything for the nourishment of the patient will be kept. Nothing has been left undone, Dr. Young has arranged everything as only a professional doctor can for the comfort of his patients. Several patients have spoken for rooms. Arlington has long needed a hospital of this kind and we trust that it will grow in favor and prove of great advantage to all in need of such a pleasant place in which to recover health under Dr. Young's kind and skillful treatment. The hospital is at 42 Pleasant street.

J. C. WAAGE,

House, Sign,
and

Decorative

Painting.

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**Dr. G. W. Yale,
DENTIST.**

At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Bldg.
ARLINGTON.

Open daily, also Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

Clearance Sale.

All Summer Goods to be sold, regardless of cost, to make room for our Fall Stock, which has been ordered early that we might secure the best for the money.

Dry Goods. The best in town. Don't go to Boston. We have everything you wish for right here.

Furnishings for men at figures that cannot be beat.

Closing out all of our Colored Shirt Waists at one price. Some are worth \$1.25, others were \$1.75c. and 50c., all will be sold at 37 1-2c.

Outing Shirts. A few doz. left. Well made, full size, with cuffs and 2 detachable collars, worth \$1. we will sell them for 50c.

Lawn and Percale House Dresses and Wrappers, well made, perfect fitting, extra wide skirts, 69c., 98c. and \$1.25.

Linings of all kinds. Our stock comprises all the newest materials in this line.

Immense assortment of Hosiery for men, women and children at popular prices.

Nainsook Dresses, fine quality, made with solid tucked round yoke, edged with ruffle and fine valenciennes.

Summer Underwear for men, women and children at the very lowest prices for good goods.

Ribbon Bows made free of charge.

The right store on the wrong side.

472 Mass. avenue, Swan's Block, Arlington.

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TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

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Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's Drug Store, P. O. Block, will receive immediate attention.

A. BOWMAN,

Ladies' TAILOR,
an d's

487 Mass. ave., Arlington.

ALTERING, CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING.

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A Beautiful Oak Rocker given
absolutely free.

Call at our store and procure a special cash offer card. Have the amount of every cash sale punched from the card, and when your purchases amount to \$10.00 return the card to us and we will deliver at your home a splendid oak rocker entirely free of charge. The retail price of the rocker is \$4.00 and can be seen in our show window.

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Electrician and Contractor.

Electric Flat Irons, Electric Stoves, Curling Iron Heaters, Incandescent Lamps, all styles and candle power. Electric Lights, Bells and Telephones installed. Medical Batteries sold and repaired.

Telephone Connection.

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Arlington, Mass

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DEALER IN

Groceries & Provisions,

Agent for the following specialties:

Agnelus Flour, Revere Coffee, Hatchet Brand Canned Goods, Strafford Creamery Butter, Pure Bottled Cream.

Our meats are carefully selected. Our vegetables are grown on Arlington farms. For your patronage we will try to please and guarantee all goods as represented.

Stores, 12 and 14 Pleasant Street

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday morning at No. 220
Massachusetts avenue.
1.00 a year, in advance; Single copies, 2 cents

F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.
WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

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1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.
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Additional lines at same ratio

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Help and situation wants, for sale, to let,
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than two lines.

DOES CIVILIZATION CIVILIZE?

The above query is a pertinent one in these days of wars and rumors of wars. The whole civilized world is today in a state of anxious suspense. There is hardly a power in all Europe that feels sure of a long continuous reign. The nations of the earth are looking askance at each other, asking what next? This uprising in China is simply human nature let loose. What does it all mean? may well be asked. There is a fault somewhere in our system of education. We have paid too little attention to all that is termed heart, while we have made the intellect the objective point in all educational training. Brain culture alone will never bring out the best there is in the human kind. Indeed, intellectual training, apart from all heart culture, will make the average man all the more dangerous to both social and governmental life. The moment one gets a notion that from his mere study of the books or from his extended course of reading he is superior to his neighbor in all mental equipment, from that moment will such a man prove himself insolently aggressive, demanding that rights belonging to another should be made his own. Now, what is true of individuals is equally true of nations.

It is said, and with much apparent truth, that the feeling in China is not against the missionaries, but against the foreigner who aggressively plants himself upon Chinese soil and demands that which does not belong to him. It is a sad comment upon the efforts of the christian world that the very same people it has attempted to educate and christianize should rise up in such a barbarous warfare as the Chinese are now waging. It is to be hoped that the allied powers of the world will soon conquer at the point of the sword if need be the outrageous and nefarious mob of that far-off country. But the question why all this commotion among the nations of the earth should be answered through the heart instead of the intellect. The sermon on the mount, if personally accepted, would obviate all these bloody outbreaks between the nations. It would be absolutely impossible to beget warfare between two nations seeking each other's good, and such seeking must always come, be it remembered, from the heart or soul purpose of a people. Mere intellectual culture will never do away with the sword and the battle-axe. So our answer to the interrogatory "does civilization civilize?" is an emphatic no, unless that civilization shall take in more of heart than it does of the brain.

We need to put ourselves in school again, and have our primary lessons set deep in heart culture. It isn't the man who knows the most, but he who feels the most along lines that touch the soul life, who will do unto others as he would have others do unto him. The nations of the earth have yet this first great lesson to learn in a practical way. The wicked, relentless mob in China is an undecorated illustration of what any people may do in an hour of frenzy when the normal or heart life of that people has not been reached.

NOTHING MORE DELIGHTFUL.

Nothing is more delightful to us than your country road. Its walks are full of inspiration. On their ever-circuitous line of travel we love to track the bare-foot boy on his way to the district school. We love to watch, as when a boy, along its irregular distances, that we may learn at the earliest possible moment who is the driver with his happy family coming in the farm wagon which we see in the dim distance. The country road is that rustic lane along which we used to drive the cows in the early morning to pasture. It may almost seem disloyal that one from Arlington, where the Macadam roads are of such generous width and kept in such approved and up-to-date condition, that we should sing the praises of the country road; but we are sure that Highway Commissioner Kimball will forgive us for all this when we inform him that our early home was far back in the country at the junction of two country roads, the most picturesque ever seen. Do you suppose we can ever forget that main road leading from Concord, N. H., to Lowell, Mass.? And surely it would not be possible to regard with other than affection that "cross road" which was our starter to Manchester, N. H.

The country road is to us the royal road to learning, for didn't we climb in those youthful days the hill leading at once and at the same time to the "meeting house" and the school house? Didn't we climb up frequently on a cold winter evening that same hill, not so much to learn the divine art of music as to learn and appropriate all to ourselves that diviner art of the pretty girls? Why, those country roads have to us all those bewitching attractions which make youth a perpetual joy. We love still

to walk the road where the "dear common flower that grows beside the way, fringes the dusty road with harmless gold. Those country roads smack of everything that enters into the sweet experiences of childhood. There it was that the coy maiden and her bashful lover while arm in arm talked in an awkward, hesitant way of that Eden wherein they were to sing away all the years of their future.

Yes, give us the country road, for about it there cluster a thousand precious memories. The old highway is good enough for us.

THE BLESSED SUNSHINE.

We have enjoyed nothing more during those "days off" than this blessed sunshine which is all about us and over us, for be it known that, surrounded by the forests as we are, Mountain Side Cottage is so situated that no tree of the grand old woods keeps the sunlight from the house. For the past few weeks we have just bathed and revelled in the sunshine, and has made us all over anew. The youngest of the children, who before leaving Arlington was under the physician's care for that cowardly ailment, malaria, has now no signs of the dreaded chill and the burning fever following. What quinine can only save off for a fortnight, the sunshine here compels a total surrender, and so the shaky boy is himself again.

If Arlington people, so sensible in most things, could only be made to practically believe what they already know in their heart of hearts to be true, they would allow no double row of shade trees to stand immediately before and within touch of their homes. We love a tree with as much enthusiasm as did Oliver Wendell Holmes, but with him we believe in the healing and recreating qualities of the sun in a clear and kindly sky. No tree, as we have said in previous issue of the Enterprise, should be so near the house as to cast its shade upon it. That shade is detrimental to health is not debatable. It has been proven over and over again by statistics that neither plant nor human life can live and thrive without God's sunlight. When God said "let there be light," he had in mind the good of his children. We should confess ourselves greatly mistaken if the truth were known, if our Arlington physicians had not more than once written out a prescription of sunshine for their patients. This is what they ought to do if they have not already done so. With our little or no knowledge of medicine, we venture all the same the above opinion. Indeed, the expression of such an opinion is no venture. At present we are just having our fill of the blessed sunshine. We only regret that we cannot bottle up a generous supply of it to take to our home in Arlington.

"THE OTHER FELLOW DID IT."

Of course he did it. We are eminently proper in all that we do and in all that we say. We have answered the requirements of the law at every point. The most of us thank God morning, noon and night that we are not as other men are. In most instances, mankind has but little sympathy for the poor, miserable publican, who, not so much as lifting up his eyes towards heaven, smites upon his breast saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But let us consider for a moment how it really is with the best of us. There is not a man who walks God's earth who is not a good deal intimately acquainted with himself. There is no one who does not when aside and apart from the world blush for very shame for the mean things he has done and for the mean things he has said. In many a stealthy, dishonorable way we have tried to over-reach our neighbor and in all ways to get the better of him by whatever means. It is the "ego" with us first, last and all the time. That merchant when he attempted to sell goods warranted all wool and that would wash when he knew them to be all cotton and poor at that was only playing this supreme game of self which is known the world over. That man was up to the meanest sort of a trick when he sold that balky horse for one that would work in any spot or place that you might put him. That physician who well-nigh runs his horse to death for the sake of assuming a practice he never had, well understands this same game. And the same is frequently true of the pulpit and the bar. And that journalist, too, is not far behind who is forever declaring that his paper has the largest circulation of them all, and that his books are always open for inspection.

It isn't that other fellow who did it, and we tell the biggest sort of a cowardly lie when we so declare. We are the ones who do the mischief. We are ever ready to set a trap for our neighbor, and then just as ready to "laugh in our sleeve" when he is caught therein. Do not for a moment suppose that we men and women here in Arlington are any exception to this weaker side of human nature. We as a community are in possession of much that is praiseworthy, and yet we as frequently fall as do others under the spell of that false ambition which glorifies our personal selves at the cost of him and her who are not able to compete with us in life.

What we need to do is to get on the other and better side of our natures. When we shall have done this, then the first question will not be when is the public street leading past our house to

be put in shape, but instead when is the thoroughfare conducting the stranger or other to our neighbor's house to be put in trim? With the personal pronoun "I" knocked out of us, no one locality will put in its best work for all the offices. With a far-reaching and generous outgrowth of men and things we shall be gladly willing to give every man his due. We hope to see the time come when the clergyman will not think his church just a little better and nearer the right than that other church of an opposite faith. When we shall all alike become possessed of the spirit of fair play, then there will be less of this "getting by the ears." When we are willing to "own up," then other people will be accredited with what is due them.

When all this is brought about by the fuller development of the better side of the human kind it will be acknowledged that while President McKinley may be a second Washington in all statesmanship, and a second beloved disciple in all that is good, it will also be recognized that William J. Bryan is not another Benedict Arnold. We are a good deal alike the world over, so much so that were we all to be shaken up in a bag, as the saying is, the Lord only knows who would come out first. This much, however, we can do, and do it at once, namely, not longer insist that "the other fellow did it," but in a manly way come to the front and own up once for all that "we did it."

"THE MINISTRY OF THE FLOWERS."

We have been so much interested in and instructed by the sermon preached by the Rev. James Yeames, pastor of St. John's church, on Sunday, July 15 and published in the Enterprise of July 21, that we take therefrom our subject for this editorial. The sermon is eminently worthy of the most careful reading, both for its suggestive thought and for its choice diction.

If the pulpit and our public schools would more frequently take their lesson from nature it would be better for all concerned. The complaint that we have hitherto made and do now make of our institutions of learning is that they teach many things that might be as well and indeed better left untaught, while the pupil is kept in almost profound ignorance of those greater and more important lessons which lie all about us. Mr. Yeames rightfully set forth the lilies of the field in all that attractiveness which would gain the attention of the children in any of our primary schools, and the lesson we may be sure would not be lost upon them. Why is it that so many of us fathers and mothers and teachers in our schools of learning will persist in going through this beautiful world with our eyes shut? We keep hammering away in the schools upon every text-book adopted by our school boards, and then we emphasize what is so appropriately termed the "cramming" process by the attempt to frighten the pupil into the hardest kind and not infrequently the stupidest kind of work by holding over his or her head that idiotic daily or monthly marking system. The order or command of the teacher is "pay attention to your book," and should the boy or girl have the courage to look out of the window to see how exquisitely beautiful are all God's works they well know it must be at the cost of a zero mark.

Is there a father or mother in all Arlington who would not delight in having their children take in the lesson of the flowers as Mr. Yeames presented it from his pulpit on that Sunday morning of his interesting sermon? Would not the reception of such a lesson be far more valuable to the child than his 99 per cent. in arithmetic? We never distrust those children who love and study the flowers, and we have them during the warmer months scattered all along our daily paths. And yet we'll venture that there isn't one boy or girl in ten who would dare stop on the way to school to pluck by the roadside one of these sweet messengers sent of God if they might be made tardy at school.

All nature is an open book, but our instructors will not allow us to read therefrom lest we should thereby lose a portion of that precious time necessary to make us ready for "promotion." We lose much of our usually good temper whenever we discuss the children's rights in school. Why ignore God's teachers? Why will we so everlastingly stick to the human pedagogue and to the school board which backs him? Why not invert our present system of instruction, and so tell the children to go out into field and wood and learn of nature? Why not tell them more frequently to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow?"

The day is coming in the near future when there will be a revolution in all public school instruction. We now touch this whole subject of public school education with gloved hands, fearing lest we may offend somebody who just at present trades at our store, or who, it may be, is a patient of ours in our practice of medicine, or who occupies a front seat in our church, or who will get so vexed that he will stop his paper. But never mind, the time is at hand when, in spite of merchant or physician, or clergyman or journalist, or any other representative in the professional or business world, our public schools will be made over anew, and then, and not till then, will God's world, just as he made it, have a prominent place in our curriculum of school studies.

"So nature has a voice for God," says the Rev. Mr. Yeames, and he might have added that she is one with God.

"Nature, with open volume, stands
To spread her maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God."

Let us come to the great teacher and learn of him and from him through the revelation he has made of himself through and by his magnificent creation. We personally thank Mr. Yeames for the timely lesson he has given us.

The assassination of King Humbert of Italy is another startling revelation of the spirit and temper of those who defiantly declare themselves Anarchists. The whole civilized world has been shocked over and over again within the past few years by the deadly shot and knife of the assassin, so it may well be asked what and who next? It is high time that this disloyal and rebellious spirit shall somehow be crushed out or better educated into a love of country and a loyal obedience to its laws. The problem of self-government among the nations of the earth has not as yet been solved in all its manifold relations to the individual. But it is being solved, and in the end we do not question that the inhabitants of the earth will have learned to peacefully submit to all justly-constituted authority. At present, however, there is a feeling of unrest and anxiety on every side. But the everlasting right is bound to finally prevail.

Arlington, July 26.

To the Editor of the Enterprise: In your last issue of the Enterprise I think I noticed that we can now buy five cent pieces of ice. By buying such, can you kindly inform me and others through your paper if the ice man has not the same right to put that quantity in your ice chest as much as a larger one? In the first place, today the ice man did not want to give us what we asked, saying it was not allowed. When he saw we knew what we were talking about he cut it but refused to carry it in, so we had to take it from the team ourselves, while the third neighbor taking a ten cent piece had it put in the ice chest. If you can, kindly inform us in your next issue.

A READER.
[The law says the ice men shall sell five cent pieces of ice, to be paid for at the cart, but does not say he shall deliver it.—ED.]

MARRIED.

ADAMS-PRIOR.—In Arlington, July 29, by Rev. J. M. Mulcahy, Herbert Q. Adams of Boston and Mary H. Prior of Belmont.

DIED.

CLARK.—In Arlington, Aug. 3, Ralph S., son of Herbert G. and Ada M. Clark, aged 1 year, 4 months, 13 days.

IRWIN.—In Arlington, Aug. 3, Philip A., son of Andrew and Sarah E. Irwin, aged 6 years, 9 months.

REGAN.—In Arlington, July 31, Jeremiah, son of John and Hannah Regan, aged 1 year, 16 days.

MUSIC & FRENCH.

MADemoiselle STEP ENS,

late of Paris, France.

Will give lessons in Music and French at pupils' houses. Terms reasonable. Write or call.

355 MASS. AVENUE.

YOUNG MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

WHITE FACE, N. H.

JAMES A. HANSON, Proprietor.

Attractive accommodations for boarders.

FARM WANTED.

In Waltham, Lexington or vicinity suitable for sheep raising; high rough ground, with some woodland, preferred. Will buy, lease or contract with right party for the use of part of farm and care of stock; price must be low; give full particulars. P. O. box 2971, Boston, apr26tf

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Nice, pleasant Rooms to let, centrally located. Apply, 33 Lewis avenue.

TO LET,

For one year or more, HOUSE and GROUNDS at No. 22 Mill street, Arlington, Mass. Will put same in complete order. Apply for terms to A. J. Bastine, 19 Warren street, New York. feb3 6m

Boys' Short Pant Suits,

\$1.50, or with Extra Pair Pants, \$1.75.

Call and see them at

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EGBERT E. STACPOLE,

TEACHER OF

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Correct instruments carefully selected for pupils without extra charge.

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Hack and Livery Stable,
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Having practically rebuilt the inside
of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I
am now prepared to take new boarders.
I secure first class board and right prices.
Teams sent and called for.

Monument View Store,

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A full line of

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Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

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Special attention paid to Over-
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Horses Shod by experienced
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First-class work guaranteed. Horses called
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Feb 22.

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W. G. KIMBALL,
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Children's hair cutting a spec-
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Opposite Soldiers' Monument.

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NO FISH CART!

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Oct 17

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We move you out or move you in, just
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and guarantee you just as good a job as
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Piano and Furniture Moving.

We also have an express that runs too
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Residence at 677 Mass avenue.

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Wheels called for and put in thorough order
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ing.

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21apr3m

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Whittemore's
Quinine Hair Tonic,
Fully warranted.

ARLINGTON NEWS.

Hereafter, all preliminary notices of church fairs, socials, etc., to which an admission fee is asked, will only be inserted in these columns at the rate of 10 cents per line, unless an advertisement of such appears in our advertising columns.

Band concert Monday evening.

Mrs. T. Ralph Paris is at York Beach Maine.

Wood Bros. have sold the town two car loads of hay.

Mrs. N. J. Hardy and children are at Old Orchard Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Grover and son are at East Wakefield, N. H.

Mr. Ira W. Holt and family have returned home from their vacation.

Mr. Wm. E. Wood returned Wednesday evening from his western trip.

Mrs. W. A. Tafts is taking a short outing at the Livmore House, Holden-ess.

Miss Cora Soule of Duxbury is a guest of Mr. Jacob F. Hobbs for an extended period.

Mr. Rodney J. Hardy and daughter Mary are at Bridgton, Maine, for two weeks.

The verdict of the people is that Kimball's ice-cream cannot be excelled by any made.

The family of Mr. Wendell E. Richardson are at their summer home at Aganquit, Maine.

The Misses Mary and Anna Doyle, of Medford street, are at Franconia, N. H. for several weeks.

Mrs. Harry Wood is visiting her parents at Hantsport, N. S., and having a thoroughly good time.

Mrs. Elwell with her sons Messrs David and Frank, are taking in the pleasures of Plymouth.

The continued drought is proving disastrous to our farmers, their gardens are looking dry indeed.

The court found James Donahue guilty of disturbing the peace this week and imposed a fine of \$10.

Dr. Wm. Addison Greene of Mass. avenue spent a few pleasant days at Hampton beach this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred P. Gage and their daughter Miss Grace are at Chester, N. H., for a Pleasant outing.

Miss Sarah Thurston, sister of Mrs. E. A. Gleason, who has just come to make her a visit, was taken very ill yesterday.

The town was indeed a lonesome place on Thursday with the stores closed. Even the post-office and bank joined in the closing.

Mrs. F. W. O. North and daughter, of 112 Franklin street, are spending a six weeks' vacation with her relatives in Liscomb Mills, N. S.

Mr. Harry Rowe returned to his post of duty Monday after a delightful vacation. Mrs. Rowe will remain at Raymond, N. H., a while longer.

Mr. Fred. M. Chase has purchased a new automobile and has been taking his friends out for a spin. It is propelled by steam and is a beauty.

Dr. C. A. Libby came to town suddenly on Wednesday to answer an urgent sick call, but returned yesterday. He has decided to have an office at

Mr. J. L. Jewett, a brakeman on the B. & M., nearly had his finger severed, while coupling cars at West Medford. It is thought he will lose the member.

The subject of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church tomorrow evening at 6.30 will be "The evil of envy." The leader will be Miss Minnie Smith.

Mr. Morris Berlyn, special agent for U. S. census-taking, is in Arlington completing his work, so get your books ready when he calls and thus facilitate his work.

The brother officers and friends of Mr. Andrew Irwin deeply sympathize with him and his wife in the loss of their little son, Philip A., who died yesterday morning.

Regular meeting of Div. 23 A. O. H. Tuesday evening, and as there is important business to be transacted every member is requested by the secretary to be present.

Mrs. John Gillespie, mother of Mr. A. L. Gillespie, a son-in-law of Prof. Ben. dix of Park terrace, died at her home in Philadelphia on Monday morning at one o'clock.

A great many people seem to have the idea that it was our Arlington painters who set the Baptist church on fire. It is not so. The contract was given to Cambridge painters.

The case of Edward Murphy of 14 Monument place came up on Thursday morning. The house was raided on July 22 by Chief Harriman, and officers Cody, Hooley, and Whitten and liquor found. Judge Almy discharged the case.

Yesterday Mr. George W. Knowlton attended the annual family reunion at Ipswich of the entire Knowlton family of America. He reports an exceedingly enjoyable time. He was unanimously elected president for the coming year.

On Monday evening, in the vestry of the Universalist church, at 7.30, the standing committee of the Baptist church is to meet and consider a new church and other matters of importance.

Mr. D. L. Tappan and wife and son, and Mrs. Tappan's mother, Mrs. E. A. Fisher, are to spend this month at White Face, N. H., of which our readers have learned so much by Editor Palmer's letters.

Messrs. H. B. Wood, B. W. Rankin, H. M. Stearns, Fred. and Walter Clarkson of the Boat club team are to play on the Maplewood hotel team at Bethlehem in the base ball tournament of the various White Mountain hotels.

The bicycle belonging to Herbert Parks of Belmont, which was taken by some one who wished to procure a wheel by not paying for it on July 22,

was found by the police in Cambridge and returned to the owner.

The little son, Ralph S., son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Clark of 28 Central street, died suddenly yesterday morning. The little one was a bright little fellow. The parents have the full sympathy of their many friends.

A large company of friends of Mrs. Sarah Winn of Summer street were entertained by her Monday afternoon. Whist was played during the afternoon on the lawn. Mrs. Winn served her guests with a bountiful spread. Prizes were given. Those present had a delightful time.

Eureka is to be put in perfect order again. New cylinders are to replace the old ones and new plunger rods will also be added. The A. V. F. A. don't look at defeats of this nature long. They, with their captain, hustle and get to work. Eureka is going to make a record at Waltham.

Mt. Sinai Lodge, I. O. O. F., will take a trolley ride to Neponset on the evening of Aug. 10. Cars will leave Arlington Heights at 7. Members of Beth-el lodge and friends are invited to go. Tickets, including dancing, 25 cents, can be had of David Buttrick, 10 Swan street.

The Seventh-day Adventists have folded their tents on the Squire's lot, just below Marathon street, and departed as quietly as they came, having, during their sojourn here, accomplished much good. All who had dealings or held conversation with them speak of them in high praise. They certainly showed themselves christians doing a christian duty.

Miss Helen Cook, granddaughter of our esteemed citizen, Mr. F. S. Frost, sails today for Rotterdam, Holland, on the steamship Maasdam. She is one of a company of Tufts college students who will make a tour of foreign cities. Prof. Harmon, a man we know well and a professor of high standing at this college, is in charge. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Harmon.

The Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Watson, who have been having a delightful vacation outing at Chiltonville, Mass., have returned to their Arlington home. The Rev. doctor will preach to his congregation at the Universalist church tomorrow morning at 10.45 and will take for his subject "The undestroyed temple." It is hoped there will be a full congregation to welcome the Rev. doctor home. Sunday school will be held at 12 noon.

Mr. E. C. Turner Mrs. Turner, Miss Marguerite Turner and Miss Alice Gray have returned home after an extended trip abroad. All are enthusiastic over their trip which was one of the pleasiest and most enjoyable ever taken by them. They have visited all the principal cities of Europe returning by way of Paris, where they visited the exposition. They brought many costly mementos and a large number of photographs representing the different points of interest which they visited, especially pretty are the roman neckties which were purchased by Miss Marguerite in Rome, Italy, for a young lady friend in Arlington.

The annual family reunion of the Frost family was held as usual at Salem Willows on Tuesday, and there was a large gathering. All enjoyed a fine fish dinner. The regular business meeting was held in the afternoon, and the election of officers was as follows:

President, Mr. William E. Frost of Westford.
First Vice-president, Mr. Irving Frost of Belmont.
Second Vice-President, Mrs. Adoniram Porter of Beverly.
Secretary and treasurer, Miss Jennie C. Frost of Arlington.
Executive committee, Mr. Henry Frost, Mr. Walter L. Frost, Mrs. Chas. A. Frost, Belmont.

The next open-air concert of the series now being given by Towne's Cavalry band of Boston, under the auspices of the Arlington Boat club and the Arlington Improvement association on Spy pond, will be given on Monday evening, August 6. Through the courtesy of Bandmaster Towne, we append the program:

March, "The Iron King." St. Clair
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Suppe
Two-step, "Ethiopian Madri Gras." Rogers Bros
Grand selection, "The Belle of New York." Kerker
Piccolo solo, "The turtle dove." Mr. F. W. Gurley.
Concert waltzes, "Espanita." Rosey
Medley, "Popular songs," arr. by Beyer
Descriptive piece, "The hunting scene." Buccalossi
"Ma tiger lily." Broadway to Tokio
Finale, "Gems of Irish melody." Tobias

It is with exceeding regret that the editor of the Enterprise learns through its columns of last week that the Arlington Baptist church is burned to the ground. It is, however, a consoling fact that in all such misfortunes the tender and sacred associations clustering about the building, the growth of so many years, cannot be destroyed by the devouring flames, and so they will happily survive that house of worship, dear to so many worshippers therein. It is a pleasing fact, too, that in the hour of misfortune we all are brothers. Our Baptist friends worshipping in the Universalist church is an exhibition of that christian spirit which makes all christian denominations one at heart.

THE BEST ICE CREAM

is to be had at

KIMBALL'S, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

His Lunch service is unsurpassed. Try our Ice Cream Soda—none better. Jette-3m

(Continued from page 1.)

sensational muff of Bird and the home run of Payne, who batted the ball out of the field, and we do not know whether it was found or not.

During the day boating, fishing and card playing was indulged in, besides social conversations.

Joe Law and Frank Russell entertained the picnickers with an exhibition cake walk.

All enjoyed the day hugely and declared the traders' picnic a decided success. It is hoped these picnics will grow in popular favor yearly, and not only the traders but the citizens will join in and have one grand day's outing for the year.

Those attending were.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gott,
" " " B. H. Peirce,
" " " James Marden,
" " " T. G. Kaulbeck,
" " " L. C. Tyler,
" " " A. S. Harriman,
" " " W. A. Peirce,
" " " S. A. Fowle, Jr.,
" " " C. A. Stevens,
" " " W. McNeil,
" " " J. E. Langen,
" " " J. H. Edwards,

Mrs. Chas. R. Hoyt, Mrs. Thayer, Misses Sawyer, Bird, Shirley, Hartwell, Parker, Messrs. W. A. Bird, G. W. Yale, G. A. Winn, C. T. Hartwell, W. G. Greenleaf, J. O. Holt, Walter Hoyt, John Hendricks, L. H. Payne, J. A. Law, Fred Cook, Arthur Freeman, Chas. Cobb, R. A. White, E. S. Chapman, Simeon Barker, C. S. Parker, Howard Durgin, E. F. Sawyer, Ivers Wetherbee, Clarence Wetherbee, Chas. Whytal, Geo. Holt, J. W. Ronco, Edward Storey, F. W. Russell, Wilbur, W. W. Robertson, J. A. Spare, W. A. Taft, George H. Peirce, A. L. Bacon, and many others whom we do not recall.

Probably the greatest interest centered in the playout of Eureka at Combination park with some 17 competitors. Our A. V. F. A. were highly enthused and elated over the success in the practice of Monday evening, when 226 feet was thrown.

For some two weeks Mr. Roy G. Tyler, an expert engineer and machinist, with the aid of his father Col. George O. Tyler of Mystic street, chief engineer of the central power station of the B. E. R. R., studied for and arranged the various parts, adding new and practical ideas, and also putting it together with greater strength than ever before, so it is no wonder that on starting, and having received word they would play second, the members were elated.

Two special cars carried the members and friends to the scene of the struggle at Medford.

But at a muster one must be prepared to take defeat with the same good will as a victory. Eureka started in finely and on the first trial made 205 ft. But alas, the pressure was too great, and the hose burst. Again a trial was made but this time something broke and the engine refused to work and it had to be hauled away. Upon examination it was found that one of the plunger rods was badly bent. This cast a gloom over the company and they returned home at seven o'clock. One thing can be said however, Eureka held the distance until seven engines had thrown water. The playout was as follows:

	Feet	Inches
Conquerors, South Weymouth	229	11
Gen Taylor, Everett	223	7 1/2
Red Jacket, Cambridge	217	4 1/2
Roxbury Vets, Boston	215	3 1/2
Hancock, No. 1, Brockton	212	2 3/4
Protector, No. 3, Brockton	209	4 3/4
City of Somerville, Somerville	207	7 1/2
Nonantum, Newton	207	4
Eureka, No. 1, Arlington	205	14
Gen Butler, Lowell	204	6
Eagle, No. 1, Lynn	203	1-2
Washington, No. 2, Brookfield	201	6
Union, No. 1, Braintree	200	4 3/4
King Philip, Rockland	197	2 1/2
City of Lynn, Lynn	192	3 1/4
Uncle Sam, Manchester, N. H.	176	5 3/8
Boston Vet, Boston	173	8 3/4

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

The last ball game of the Boat club until September was played on Saturday afternoon on the Boat club grounds, and resulted in an easy victory over the Algonquin team of Brockton. "Kid" Rankin as usual pitched a splendid game for the Boat club, and was well supported by E. Wood, Loughlin, Saul, Loran and Stearns, who did some excellent work. Willis pitched a good game for the visitors, but received poor support. Ward, G. Rowe and A. Rowe played a good game for the Algonquins. The score:

A B C		Algonquins	
Ab	po a e	Ab	po a e
Loughlin m	3 2 1 0	G. Rowe s	0 2 5 0
Saul 2	2 1 0	Ward c	0 6 2 0
Grays	1 0 1 0	Chase m	0 0 0 1
W. Clarkson 3	1 2 2 0	Leonard 1	0 8 0 0
W. Wood 1	1 0 0 0	A. Rowe 2	2 4 2 0
Rankin p	2 0 2 0	W. Lane r	0 1 0 0
Loran r	1 2 0 0	Wilbur 3	2 2 2 2
Stearns 1	1 8 0 0	Faulkner 1	1 1 0 1
E. Wood c	2 11 2 0	Willis p	1 0 1 1
Totals	14 27 9 0	Totals	7 24 12 5
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9		
A B C	3 0 0 0 0 3 3 1 -10		
Arlington	0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 -2		

Two base hits, W. Clarkson, Rankin, H. Wood, Home run, Ward. Stolen bases, Loughlin 3, Saul, Gray, E. Wood. Sacrifice hit, Saul. First base on balls, Loughlin, Gray. Struck out by Rankin 10, by Willis 6. HR by pitched ball, A. Rowe. Time 1 hr 50m. Umpire, Juffy.

T. M. CANNIFF,

Hairdresser,

643 Mass. ave., Arlington

Correspondence.

White Face, N. H.,

Aug. 1, 1900.

Dear Enterprise:

Veni, vidi, vici—"I have come, I have seen, and I have conquered," for I have climbed to the tip of the mountain, and there beheld the kingdoms of the world. The devil evidently understood his business, or otherwise he would not have taken Christ to "the top of an exceeding high mountain," and there promised him all things if he, the Christ, would fall down and worship his satanic majesty. We "give the devil only his due" when we accredit him with that appreciation of all that is best and grandest in nature, that led him to believe and even know that the kingdoms of this lower world of ours are to be seen at the best possible advantage from the loftiest heights. We doubt if any other save the Christ would have withstood a temptation so sweeping and so all-embracing in its promise, and this, too, made amidst surroundings so intensely picturesque and uplifting. While we have no sympathy with the all-consuming ambition of the evil one, we can but admire his love of mountain scenery.

Well, we have been doing the mountains since we last wrote the readers of the Enterprise. It was on Thursday of last week that a party of us, numbering twelve, started under the most genial skies and indeed with all nature propitious for Mt. Chocorua, ten miles distant. Behind horses the fleetest, we made our way to the base of the mountain in something less than two hours. That ride! Who can describe it? Our way lay along country roads which are in themselves both poem and painting, set off with the wild growth of the roadside as seen far remote from the city and from our larger towns. While the Appian way led to Rome, these roads lead to the everlasting heights, which will outlive the name and even the memory of the "eternal city." But that climb! We must tell of it, for it was a signal triumph. Just as we began our almost perpendicular ascent, we looked up to the hills and prayed for help. The party, with no other than a sublime courage, pushed ahead with quickening pulse and with palpitating hearts, stopping more or less frequently to recover breath and gain a surer foothold. To add to the wild enjoyment of our enthusiastic climb there came suddenly upon us one of those downpours that would have been counted a success in Noah's time. Drenched to our skins as we were and without a change of clothing, we at last reached the Peak house, which is within five hundred feet of the very tip-top of Chocorua.

We received every attention at this popular inn on the mountain side. A blazing fire was set agoing in the big old-fashioned fireplace, around which we sat and steamed away until skirts and trousers had about them no reminder of that soaking rain. After all hands of us had done justice to a tempting dinner we felt as good as ever, so that the dance which followed in the parlors of the hotel by our little company made us all over anew. It possibly may prove a news item to our readers to learn that the editor of the Enterprise can dance. Be that as it may, still, with a pretty, hewitching partner fondly leaning on our arm, we can make out after a fashion to "chase the glowing hours with flying feet." For three full hours on that Thursday evening at the Peak house on Mt. Chocorua.

"Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

A good night's sleep followed our enjoyable dance, and the early morning found us on the very crest of Mt. Chocorua, to meet the sun in his coming, and was there ever another such morning? There was not a cloud in all the heavens. The whole atmosphere had about it the attractive and balmy spell of the early autumn time, so that when the sun came up in the full splendor of all his glory we exclaimed, "Lift ye up a banner on the top of the high mountain." If we could only paint that indescribable picture as we saw it from those dizzy heights on Friday morning we are sure that the town fathers of Arlington would gladly allow us to hang it in the Town hall in place of that ugly daub which is an eyesore to every and all audiences assembling therein. Just imagine yourself 4000 feet above the level of the ocean on one of the clearest mornings of the summer time, looking out as far as the eye can reach upon a sea of mountains, and then you will catch a glimpse at least of the view we had from the top of Mt. Chocorua. Mt. Washington and the entire presidential range come immediately in view, and then on all sides were those billowy mountains—scenes making up a picture that no pen can describe. Upon the heights with such stupendous surroundings, we swung our hat the highest and shouted our loudest, and exclaimed, "Let all the people praise the Lord."

We should utterly fail in any attempt we might make in describing that wonderful revelation of God's marvellous works as seen from the dizzy heights of Mt. Chocorua. You must see it for yourself if you would approximate in any measure to its magnificence and to its munificence. It can no more be described to another than can the "new birth." You must see it if you would catch the story of its resplendent glories. We can only say that the seemingly

(Continued on page 4.)

ROBBINS SPRING HOTEL

Arlington, Mass.

The most healthful and delightful winter home in the north. Convenient to trains and electric. Commands a magnificent view. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Carriages always at Robbins road. Telephones, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, golf links, music.

Terms: \$3 per day, \$12 to \$20 per week.

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Something Sweet and Tempting.

can be found at all times in our choice baking of ornamental and layer cakes, fancy cakes, loaf and fancy cakes, fine pastry, delicious breads, rolls, biscuits and bake-stuffs of all kinds, that will suit the most epicurean palate. Don't waste time and money baking when we will serve you with goods baked from the highest grade materials at low prices.

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Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.

All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining Painting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

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Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

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Enterprise \$1 a Year.

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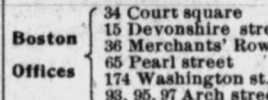
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Eight Mutual Companies, Ten Stock Companies. Office open daily and Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Savings Bank Building, Arlington Avenue.

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JOHN D. ROSIE,

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Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,

Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings,

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Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

Summer arrangement. In effect June 25, 1899.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—4.45, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.33, 10.07, 11.19, A. M. 12.18, 1.00, 2.18, 3.54, 4.46, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18 P. M. Sunday, 9.24, A. M., 12.58, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25.

Brattle—4.47, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.21, A. M., 12.59, 1.02, 2.30, 3.56, 4.48, 5.21, 6.28, 8.29, 9.29, P. M. Sundays, 9.27, A. M., 1.0, 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M.

Arlington—4.50, 6.12, 6.42, 7.09, 7.12, 7.39, 7.42, 7.56, 8.09, 8.16, 8.41, 9.00, 9.37, 10.12, 11.24, A. M. 12.23, 1.08, 2.23, 2.52, 3.59, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.28, 8.55, 9.56, 7.15, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, A. M., 1.03, 2.28, 3.17, 4.40, 6.21, 8.31, P. M.

Lake Street—5.38, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.03, 8.20, 9.03, 10.15, 11.26, A. M., 12.25, 1.08, 2.25, 4.01, 4.36, 4.30, 5.28, 5.49, 6.23, 6.59, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M. Sundays, 9.35, A. M., 1.05, 2.31, 3.20, 4.43, 6.24, 8.34, P. M.

*Express.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.25, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.30, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.30, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.01, 7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.25, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.04, 5.17, 5.31, 5.47, 5.55, 6.04, 6.17, 6.34, 7.10, 7.30, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Lake Street—6.25, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 5.04, 5.31, 5.55, 6.04, 6.17, 6.34, 7.10, 7.30, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

*Express.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Pass and Ticket Agent

No Glasses at all

Is certainly better than to have the wrong kind; for by using those which are unsuitable, new errors of refraction are caused. But with the right glasses, original, progressive or acquired errors are corrected and pass away as if they had never existed. I take great pains with my corrections and my fittings, and make no charge for thorough examinations.

FRED W. DERBY,

Refracting Optician.

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DR. RING'S Sanatorium,

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Eight miles from Boston.

For Nervous and Chronic Diseases in both sexes (mental cases not received). Location high, healthful, restful and invigorating. Especial attention given to Electro and Hydro therapeutics. Telephone 5-2 Arlington. Physicians: Allan Mott Ring, M.D., Arthur Hallam Ring, M.D., Barbara Taylor Ring, M.D. Illustrated booklet sent on application.

Subscribe for the Enterprise. \$1 a year.

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10 MILL STREET, ARLINGTON.
Rubber-tired carriages for funerals, weddings, and evening parties. Also a wagonette for pleasure parties. Tel. connection 12aingly

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Jobbing a Specialty.

16 WALNUT STREET.

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WM. ADDISON GREENE, M. D.

688 Mass. Ave., Arlington.

GRADUATE OF
DARTMOUTH '96
HARVARD POST GRADUATE '97.

OFFICE HOURS: 9-10; A. M. 2-4 5-6 P. M.

Special Notice.

The use of water through for lawns, flowerbeds, washing windows, and sprinkling streets, is limited to one and one-half hours between the hours of 5 and 8 a. m. and one and one-half hours between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m.

GEORGE W. LANE,
PETER SCHWABE,
GEORGE P. WINN,
Water Commissioners.

July 7, 1900.

ADVERTISE.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Don't miss Kimball's delicious ice cream.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupee start today for an extended trip to the Provinces.

Mrs. John W. Wanamaker, after a two-weeks' delightful outing, is at home again.

Mr. Benj. C. Haskell and family will be located at Rockport for a short season.

Miss Florence Crosby of Crescent Hill avenue is spending her vacation at Oakland beach, R. I.

Mrs. J. E. Jernegan entertained the Sunshine club on Wednesday at Mrs. Schenck's residence.

Mr. Minot Bridgman's friends are glad to hear he is recovering from his recent illness at Bayville.

Mrs. Alexander Beaton returned home Wednesday, from her journey down east, greatly improved in health.

Mrs. George E. Tewbury of Claremont avenue has Mrs. E. B. Taylor of New York City as her guest.

This week the men have graded a walk to Mr. L. I. Bradley's store, which makes the entrance more accessible.

Postmaster Blanchard likes his new quarters much better than the old, there being more room and no steps to climb.

The sewer has been continued on Westminster avenue, where it has been connected with that laid a year or more ago.

Mr. Stone is rapidly fixing up his new store, and hopes to have everything in order by next week. He is adding much new furniture.

Mr. Thomas H. Elder's new house on Westminster avenue is being constructed rapidly. Mr. Elder is a hustler, and believes in improvements.

The members of Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church were given an interesting talk on Sunday evening by the Rev. Dr. Perry of Doane college, Crete, Nebraska. He is an eloquent speaker.

The people of the heights connected with the Baptist church are glad to welcome home their pastor, Rev. A. W. Lorimer, who has passed the last month in Maine on his vacation. He looks quite rested and refreshed, and is ready to take up his labors with new zest.

The services at the Arlington Heights Baptist chapel, cor. Westminster and Park avenues, tomorrow will be as follows: Preaching at 10.45. Sunday school at 12 and evening service at 7. Prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7.45. Rev. A. W. Lorimer, pastor; residence, 144 Forest street.

At the Baptist church last Sunday forenoon, Mr. Geo. W. Averell, superintendent of the Children's Health fund of Boston, addressed the congregation. In speaking of the work among the children of the city, Mr. Averell told several pathetic and touching incidents which had come under his own personal observation, and referred to the beneficial results which had accrued through the work of the organization he represented, which takes children from homes of vice and crime and prepares them for and locates them in christian homes. Mr. Averell was accompanied by three boys and a girl, who sang a number of hymns very sweetly.

The coolest place at the Heights is

Callaghan's Waiting-room

Ice Cream, Lunch, Confectionery,
Soda from pure juices, while waiting for a Lexington car. Don't forget to call.

A DIPLOMATIC LIBRARIAN.

He Pleased the Politician Without Giving His Friend a Position.

When Mr. Putnam was the head of the Public Library in Boston, a ward leader of that city called on him to recommend a benchman for a place in the library.

There was no reason why the librarian should not have refused at once and peremptorily to appoint him, but he chose to follow another course.

After a few minutes' talk with the politician Mr. Putnam asked him whether he had ever been through all the departments of the institution.

"I never have, but I'd like to see it," replied the politician.

"It will give me much pleasure to go with you," said Mr. Putnam.

Mr. Putnam took him behind the counters and through the building from top to bottom, explaining the character and the magnitude of the work in detail. He further pointed out, without seeming to do so, the varied duties of the employees and the attainments they must possess to do the work. When the tour was ended, Mr. Putnam said:

"I'm pleased to have had a chance to show the library to you, and if your friend will fill out an application blank and send it, and if he passes the necessary examination, I think there will be no difficulty in placing his name on the waiting list."

The politician, however, had seen enough of library work to convince him that his constituent could find no place on the staff, and the blank was never filled out. But to the day he left Boston Mr. Putnam had no warmer admirer in that city than this same ward leader.—Collier's Weekly.

A Tree of Many Uses.

The carabuba palm is one of the most valuable trees in Brazil. From its roots is extracted a medicine. Its stems afford strong, light fibers which acquire a beautiful luster and serve also for joists, rafters and other building materials as well as for stakes for fences. From part of the tree wines and vinegar are made. It yields a kind of sugar as well as a starch resembling sago.

(Continued from page 3.)

endless succession of mountain ranges, with those almost innumerable lakes nestling in the valleys as we saw them in the clear sunlight of Friday morning give us a fuller and more generous view of God's omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence. Come, see for yourself, and then will you exclaim, "God is in all and over all."

As all things earthly must have an end, so our mountain trip had to have its "finis." Safely at Mountain Side cottage again we are singing of Mt. Chocoma. We have neither time nor space to tell you, dear Enterprise, of our break-neck ride to Mt. Brown on Saturday morning, a mountain of much less pretentious height than is Mt. Chocoma, but from the top of which is to be seen a picture which no artist has the skill or cunning to copy. We say "break-neck ride," for we rode behind one of your 2.40 roadsters, which shot down those steep hills with lightning speed. But we had a driver who knew his business, so we put implicit confidence in him who held the reins and in the Lord who reigns over all his creatures. Neither can we tell you of our drive to the post office the other day amidst thunder, lightning, rain and hail, and yet we were more than "in it" all. The lightning played about us with all that familiarity which is so generally seen in country life. We were not saying any "big words" during that angry storm of the season. However, we came out of the storm all right, and what is better than all else, we got the letter of which we had been dreaming. Who is the man who will not risk the thunder and the lightning and the storm at its worst, provided he can thereby receive a pleasant word from a friend?

As the closing sentence to this communication, we desire to most emphatically declare that we are from actual experience now prepared to say "amen and amen" to all the glowing and enthusiastic words that our Arlington friends, Mr. N. J. Hardy, Mr. A. A. Tilden and Mr. Walter B. Farmer, have spoken of camp life in the back country. While we do not have the excitement of the "chase" as do those nimrods of Arlington, still with them we share to the full all nature in her primeval state, and with them we declare that it is beyond the telling. But more the next time, and all about something else.

WILSON PALMER.

DERBY DRUGS — SODA

1362 Mass. ave. cor. Park ave.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS

jezt

Birds Take Baths In Ashes.

Naturalists tell us that in making their toilets some birds use water only, some water and dust, while others prefer dust and no water. Birds are not only nice in the choice of bath water, but also very particular about the quality of their toilet dust.

Wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh water pools and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and dress their feathers in the early hours of the morning. Sparrows bathe often, both in water and in dust. They are not so particular about the quality of water as about the quality of the dust. The city sparrow must take a water bath where he can get it. Road dust, the driest and finest possible, suits him best. Partridges prefer dry loam. They like to scratch out the soil from under the grass and fill their feathers with cool earth.

Most birds are fond of ashes. Take a walk some early morning across a field where bonfires have burned and see the numbers of winged creatures that rise suddenly from the ash heaps. A darting form, a small cloud of ashes, and the bathers disappear.

'Twas Only a Dream.

A newspaper reporter dreamed one night that the editor had decided to get out a paper that was entirely satisfactory. Every item that was brought in was carried around to different houses, and if any objections were raised it was "killed." At 3 p. m. the paper went to press as usual, and when the patrons unfolded it that evening they found nothing but a blank sheet. The editor of the paper slept sweetly that night, realizing that he had printed nothing to offend anybody and that his paper was entirely satisfactory. Thus speaketh the editor of the Warren Mirror.

Each Had What the Other Wanted.

An interesting anecdote is told of the meeting of the late Evangelist Moody and Mr. Gladstone in England. Mr. Gladstone attended the Moody and Sankey meetings, and was deeply impressed. Heartily grasping Mr. Moody's hand, the old statesman said to him:

"I wish I had your body."

Mr. Moody immediately replied, "I wish I had your head."

Mr. Gladstone responded, "I mean I wish I had your lungs," to which Mr. Moody again replied, "I wish I had your brains," and with hearty good wishes they parted.

ODD BANK VISITORS.

CRANKS ARE ALMOST AS MUCH TO BE FEARED AS CROOKS.

Paying Tellers Have to Be Models of Vigilance All the Time to Dodge the Schemes and the Schemers That Lie in Wait For Them.

Many are the uses and the schemes that are devised for the purpose of beating the paying tellers in banks, and the cranks are as much to be feared as the crooks.

"That old man who has just left the bank," said the teller as he ran his fingers quickly over the new bills, "has been coming to this place every day for the past two years calling for money. He comes in every morning exactly at 11 o'clock and asks quietly if his check has arrived. I always have to tell him no, and he thanks me graciously and goes away. I was now at the bank when he came in the first time, but I saw at a glance that he had something the matter with his headgear. When he asked about his money, I told him that we had nothing, and he looked greatly surprised and worried. He asked many other questions and then left. He returned the next morning and the next, and he has been coming ever since. One day he failed to show himself, and I thought he had given up the hunt as a bad thing. For a month he kept away, but by and by he bobbed up serenely again.

"I've been sick," he said, "and I hope I have not caused you any inconvenience in holding my money. No money here? What? That is strange." "With this he thanked me and went away. He will be here again in the morning, and he'll keep coming day after day until death sends him to a bigger bank. The man is just a sample of what we get every day, although he is the most regular chap of the kind I have ever seen. The boys around the bank feel rather superstitious, now if he fails to come in, and I'll gamble that that black porter yonder will quit his job the very first time that old man fails to make his daily visit."

The teller leaned on the counter. "Yes," he went on, "it would surprise you to know how many people come here day after day to get money when they have absolutely no reason for coming. They have no papers on which money can be secured, but they just come right along, hoping, I guess, that some day they will hit the bank. Now, last week a big fellow who had evidently been drinking rushed in and yelled to me that he wanted \$1,000. I had never seen him before, and he made no pretense of handing up any papers. He said he was in a big rush. I realized at once that he was crazy, and I acted quickly. Reaching back to my drawer, I put my hand on my revolver and waited. He did not see the weapon. 'The vault is closed,' I said, 'and you cannot get any money today.' With that he reached his hand to his hip pocket, but I did not move. I looked him squarely in the eye and waited. He stood there for 20 seconds, with his hand on his hip and his eyes on me, and then he bowed. Without a word he turned his back to me and walked out. I tried to find out who the man was, but failed, and he never came back to repeat the demand.

"Another time I had a really dangerous crazy man to handle, but I acted like a flash and possibly saved my skin. It was about 1 o'clock one summer day when the weather was stifling. The front and side doors were propped open to let in the breeze, and I was looking over the books when a big fellow ran in the front door screaming. I looked up and saw him flourish a butcher knife, which fairly glistened in the light. 'Where did he go with that money?' he called at the top of his voice as he halted and looked at me. 'Right out that door,' I said quickly, and in a moment the man had dashed through the door and went sailing down the alley. A policeman was called, but the man was not seen afterward. I am sure I would have felt the edge of his dangerous knife if I had not sent him out that door.

"Another strange thing happened once while I was working as a clerk in another bank. I was standing by the teller's counter when a nicely dressed young man came in, walking rather awkwardly. He managed to reach the teller and presented a paper. 'Will you please cash this for me?' he said. The teller took the paper mechanically and looked at the stranger. 'Why, this is no good,' he said. 'This is only a piece of white paper. What kind of a game are you trying to work?' The man gasped. 'Why, it is a check,' he called quickly. 'Not much,' said the teller, handing it back. The man looked at it. 'Good God!' he cried. 'Then I am blind.' They took him away, and he died at the hospital before he had a chance to explain. The doctors said it was a mystery, and the man's body was kept for six months. Finally it was sent to Kansas on the order of a woman who wired a description and said it was her son's."—New York Sun.

The Banyan Tree.

In the fruiting season the banyan tree is an arbor for the feathered creation, and a rude temple is often set up under or close to its shade, at which the wayfarer stops to cook a meal more frequently than to offer a prayer. These sacred trees, with their grateful shade, are common in every part of India, and are confined to the tropical zone. As timber they are of no value, but gum-lac is obtained from their juice, and the bark is used by the Hindus medicinally.

The doll is probably the most antique of toys. It has been found inside the graves of children of ancient Rome.

Every man is either a hero or a coward, but the majority are never unvelled.—Chicago News.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west—
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night ratch came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though the storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women were weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And goodby to the bar and its moaning.

—Charles Kingsley.

A LOVER'S SCHEME

BY M. QUAD.

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I had been in Athens three or four days when the steamer from Brindisi brought in an English tourist named Burns and an American gentleman named Wallace and his daughter. Mr. Wallace, as I soon came to understand, was a gentleman of wealth and leisure, and his daughter was as handsome a girl as ever landed in the country of tombs, fleas, beggars and brigands. As for Burns, I believe he was some sort of civil service employee on leave, but he had some money and greater expectations. The three had become acquainted while doing Italy. More than that, Burns had fallen head over heels in love with Miss Wallace. I am inclined to think she was a bit of a coquette and that she encouraged him out of a spirit of adventure. The father was a dignified, quiet spoken man, who probably had his own plans for his daughter and trusted her not to go too far with the Englishman. While he treated Burns in a courteous manner, there was a reserve which the latter did not dare approach too closely. I thought I saw through the whole thing at a glance. It was love and dollars on the Englishman's part and on the part of the girl a desire for flirtation and a half hope that the man would make a fool of himself.

We all became acquainted in a day's time, and after the expiration of another day Burns gave me his confidence. He was in love for the first time in his life. He had never dreamed that there were angels on earth until he met Miss Wallace. The man who charged him with a mercenary feeling wronged him in the most terrible manner. He had somehow heard that her father was worth \$5,000,000 and that she was an only child, but he begged me to understand that he was loving her with his whole soul before that news reached him. I believed him, and he added:

"And now comes the blooming question, Does Miss Wallace love me in return? There are times when I think she does, and my heels lift off the ground, begad, and there are other times when I doubt it, and I feel as if a house had fallen on me."

"Why not ask her?" I suggested.

"I'm afraid it's too soon," he replied, "and then the old gentleman somehow always manages to show up just as we get sentimental. I don't think he appreciates me. If I'd go to him and say I loved his daughter, I believe he'd keep right on reading his newspaper and smoking his infernal black cigar—egad, I do! If I only had some one to sound him for me."

"You ought to do something heroic to win the girl's admiration and love and the father's gratitude and esteem," I said after a long while.

"Bless my blooming eyes, but I will!" he promptly replied—"that is, I would if there was a show. I was ready to save them both if the steamer went down, doncher know, but she simply rolled about like a dog in a pond and refused to sink when I prayed for it."

"But there may be other opportunities."

"How can there be unless to keep the fleas and beggars off? Bless me, but I suffer!"

I didn't see how I could help him except to advise him to learn his fate on the morrow and have it over with and then go up to Marathon and see the ruins and the tombs and get out of Greece. Loverlike, he went out into the balmy evening to commit suicide, and I saw him no more until next afternoon. He not only still lived, but there was a look of happiness on his face as I saw him talking to a man I would not have cared to meet a mile out of town at noonday. That evening Mr. Wallace informed me that he and his daughter and Burns were going over to Marathon by rail next day to be gone for a couple of days, and at a later hour the lover sat down beside me to say:

"I've got a blooming game on foot, doncher know?"

"Going to become a hero?" I asked.

"If I don't, then you may call me a donkey. Yes, sir, I've taken your advice, and you'll hear something drop, as you Yankees say, within a day or two. Thanks, awfully, for the hint. I hope to come back arm in arm with the old gent and to have matters all settled with the daughter, doncher know."

As I had been at Marathon I had declined to make one of the party. They got off in good season next morning, and Burns was in high spirits and acting like a young man who felt solid ground beneath his feet. To my surprise, Mr. Wallace and his daughter returned on the evening train, and they

had an adventure to relate. From Marathon you make a tour of the tombs on the backs of donkeys, and it is a rough road and full of ambushes. The trio had started out by themselves and made fair progress when a couple of picturesque villains suddenly bounced out upon them. The escort of a man and his two boys fled at once, and the villains were about to lead the donkeys up into the hills when Burns came to the rescue. He alone was armed. He descended from his saddle and began shooting, and after tumbling over themselves the scoundrels left him in possession of the battlefield. He had saved the party, and he was a hero, entitled to admiration and gratitude, but before the father could pat him on the head or the daughter announce that his love was returned something else happened. Shots were fired from behind a ruin, and the donkeys ridden by father and daughter started off on a gallop, followed by the others. Burns was not hit, but in hero of one moment became the captive of the next. When the others had reached a place of safety, they learned that their savior had fallen into the hands of regular brigands, headed by old Beppo, and, though a show of pursuit was made by a detail of soldiers, the fellows were not overhauled.

As soon as I had heard the story I saw the little scheme Burns had worked. He had hired a couple of rascals in Athens to go over to Marathon and play brigands for him, but after becoming a hero a gang of the genuine article swooped down on him and carried him off. The only man in Marathon or Athens who was at all disturbed over the matter was the landlord of the hotel, who feared he might not get his bill. Mr. Wallace and his daughter seemed to have a suspicion after their return that a little job had been put up, but the father came forward and guaranteed the hotel bill, and not a great deal was said. Two days later an ugly faced native presented Wallace with a note from Burns. He had not only been carried off, but the brigands wanted \$3,000 in gold for his ransom. In his trunk he had about \$250, but they had refused that. The rascals took it that he was a rich man's prospective son-in-law and that the \$3,000 would be forthcoming at once, but the American carried the note to the British consulate. The minister was off on a junket, and the official in charge had no intention of hustling in the matter. He said he would notify the Greek government and that in due time the matter would be straightened out. Two days later there was a second note. Burns said if the messenger came back without the cash he would lose one of his ears. When this was handed in at the consulate, it was greeted with the remark:

"The case must take the usual channels, and he was an ass to go and get captured."

Two days passed again, and this time the messenger handed Mr. Wallace a bulky letter. Its bulk arose from the fact that one of Burns' ears was inclosed. In the letter he stated that unless the cash was raised he would lose the other. The sight of the ear stirred them up at the consulate—that is, another demand was made on the Greek government, and the Greek government replied that the case would be taken up in its regular order. Then Wallace did a handsome thing. The messenger had been detained to see what the minister would do, and, as it was plain that nothing would be done until too late, the ransom was handed over. It was three days before the captive was handed over. His right ear had been sliced off as slick as you please, and he had had a hard time of it moving about on the mountains in the company of the villains. He did not come to the hotel, but sent for me to come to the lodgings he had secured. While his gratitude to Wallace was unbounded and he said he would speedily arrange to repay him, he did not want to meet him.

"Egad," said he, "but doncher see how it is? The hero is no hero, but an ass! He must have seen through my little game. The fact is, the two bloody villains I had hired for the little comedy began to fall down and beg for their lives before I had fired a shot. I believe the old gent was smiling when the donkeys started to run. The brutes overdid it, doncher see. No, I can't see him. He'd quite knock me out as he'd take my hand and press it and say, 'Hero, I thank thee for thy gallant conduct.'"

"But the girl?" I queried.

"Egad, but that's worse yet. I saw her looking at one of the bloody villains to see where he was hit, and I heard her ask her father if the fellow wasn't doing some tall running for a wounded man. I couldn't face it, doncher know. She might fall on my shoulder and call me a hero and declare that I had saved her life, but it's more likely that she'd welcome me as the prize donkey of the century. Really, but I couldn't take chances, doncher know."

And how about your volcanic and overwhelming love, angels on earth, and so forth?"

"Why, hang it, man, can't you see the blooming situation? Haven't I lost a blooming ear and made an ass of myself, and does a one eared ass love like a two eared man? Can't you see, and doncher know, that the rest of my blooming life will be spent in feeling for the ear that's probably been thrown out to the bloody dogs of Athens? And when I'm not feeling for the ear I'll be training a lock of hair to fall down over where it ought to be, and if there is any time left, I'll put it in in kicking myself, doncher see?"

I saw and sent his belongings over to him and gave him my sympathy, and that evening when I told Miss Wallace that he would depart on the boat a small grin hovered around her mouth as she replied:

"Papa must find me that ear as a souvenir!"